

If Past 45 and "Low" and Upset Look for Acid Stomach

HERE ARE THE SIGNS:

Nervousness Frequent Headaches
Neuralgia Feeling of Weakness
Indigestion Sleeplessness
Loss of Appetite Mouth Astringent
Nausea Auto-intoxication

WHAT TO DO FOR IT:

TAKE—2 tablets of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every evening when you go to bed. Take also one tablet of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia before you go to bed.
OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets—one tablet for each teaspoon of food as directed above.

If you have Acid Stomach, don't worry about it. Follow the simple directions given above. This small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia gets to work to neutralize the acids that cause headache, stomach pains and other distress. Try it. You'll feel like a new person.

But—be careful you get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia, or Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets when you buy—2c and 10c boxes.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Each box contains the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

OCCASIONAL WIFE

by EDNA ROBB WEBSTER

Author of "Joretta," "Lipstick Girl" Etc.

SYNOPSIS

Camilla Hoyt and Peter Anson, young and in love, marry secretly, deciding to live their own lives apart until Peter is able to provide for her. Peter is a young, struggling sculptor trying to win a competition for a scholarship abroad and Camilla is the adopted daughter of a wealthy family. She is not to inherit money when she comes of age and is studying commercial art in the hope of finding an agency job. Others in the story are Avis Weston, another wealthy girl who is trying to win Peter, Sylvia Todd, Peter's model, and Gus Matson, his former roommate with whom he has quarrelled. At a party at an exclusive club Peter, entreating Camilla's guests with impersonations. When the rest of the members of the party go to a cabaret to continue the party, Peter and Camilla slip off to the beach by themselves and fall asleep in the sand. When they awake it is early morning and Avis and another boy are standing near them. This makes it necessary for Camilla to announce before the party that she and Peter are married. Rossman and Wrenski, an advertising agency where Camilla has submitted some of her work, send for her and tell her they have a new advertisement for an unusual treatment of juvenile dirt. The critics were enthusiastic about her work, and Miss Wrenski offers her a salary of \$500 a week to start and a prospect of having it doubled. She tells Peter of this good fortune in securing employment. Mrs. Hoyt is also informed that Camilla has obtained work and is going to

leave the Hoyt household. Avis Weston waits a studio on the same floor as Peter, and invites him to have lunch there. He accepts reluctantly, but is favorably impressed with her and Camilla urges Peter to accept some of her earnings to help him along, but Peter refuses and they parted.

(Now Go On With The Story)

CHAPTER XXXVII

She remained with her mother, struggling to find the magic word to assure that would break this spell of their disenchantment, but he remained aloof and impersonal. There was an ecstatic hour of unnumbered embraces and close embraces, while they discussed their work and hopes and plans. There was no deeply poignant meeting of blue and brown eyes, eloquent with wordless meanings.

She might have been any girl who had stepped in and interrupted a kiss, any girl when he would have experienced with desultory words and a not too gracious manner, except for the first ten minutes which had been followed by their ugly quarrel.

These farewell was like an act in a play which they had rehearsed many times to the exciting any more, and Camilla walked out into the mellow autumn sunshine, seeing nothing, oblivious of sounds and feeling paralyzed. She avoided traffic by instinct and boarded the light car from habit. Nothing mattered.

Her head turned upside down. She and Peter had said unkind words to each other, their eyes had avoided each other's in shame instead of meeting with sympathy. Somehow they had lost that precious, happy intimacy which had made any hope possible, and every denial a promise. Her eyes stared out the window at the passing landscape. Buildings, houses, trees, lamp posts, were blurred like a photograph that was badly out of focus. No object was distinguishable.

When Camilla had gone, Peter sank into a chair and dropped his head into his hands. In his gesture was all the weariness and despair of his whole past. Never had life seemed so futile and aimless and hopeless. He might have known it would be like that, he told himself bitterly. Camilla had made practical use of her talent, and within a few weeks was offering to take care of him. He was a dreamer who could not even take care of himself.

He believed it was his pride that was hurt because he couldn't support the woman he loved, but it was just common human jealousy which gnawed in Peter's mind. Only the deepest poison of jealousy could so distort both love and pride. That the most malignant factor in jealousy is that it cannot be admitted, and therefore is difficult to cure.

The more Peter brooded over his situation, the more his anger grew, and his wrath against himself. Camilla because she was the object of his jealousy and of his overwhelming desire to succeed at the same time.

A light knocking at the door startled him violently, so deeply was he sunk into the absorbing quicksand of despair. He aroused himself with an effort and thought, "Camilla has come back to try to make it right. Well, she can't. I'm sick of it all."

The knocking was repeated, more imperative. He called crossly, "Come in."

The door opened and his hostile eyes met the pleasant greeting in Avis.

"Hello, everyone," she called cheerfully, then stopped with an inquiring glance around the room. "Oh, I thought Camilla was here. I ran in to ask you both to have a little supper with me. I'm alone and lonely." She laughed, without sincerity. "Didn't I hear her come in early this afternoon?"

"Yes, she was here," Peter replied tensely, and added, "but she tried to leave early."

"Well, it's a good thing I came over in time to pull you out of your groove. Another half hour and you would pass out." Her banter concealed her own suspicions of the situation and her good humor encouraged Peter. "All the more reason, then, why you should have supper with me, anyway. That's just one of the disadvantages of having a genius for a wife. Of course, she can't afford to spend all her time chipping you up."

"Oh, I'm all right," he insisted.

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something back the bright, discolored curve with a big, shapely hand. "Fixed," I guess."

"Of course, you are. You're worth all day, haven't you?" Came along.

He obeyed readily. Following Avis across the hall had led to be something of a habit. Rather a pleasant habit, too.

Avis was a clever actress. To prove that she had anticipated two guests for supper, she removed one of the plates from the table that was laid for three. She also talked easily and sprightly while she served Peter unobtrusively. Here was a "gift within the lute" of Peter's marriage, and she drove her wedge in cautiously. She restored his tranquility, made him comfortable and entertained him quietly. Just what he needed.

When they left the table, Avis suggested without insistence, "You surely don't need to work tonight. You should rest. Sit down and be comfy for awhile. Is your piece almost finished?" She turned the volume low on the radio, and a sentimental voice crooned, "You take me to Paradise." Then she lighted a cigaret and held it to his lips. He took it with an amused sigh. She held another for herself and dropped down lightly on the opposite end of the divan, arranging the pillows for her comfort.

It was strange how Avis served and pampered and indulged, found her greatest pleasure in serving and humoring this young giant who looked as if he had been made to struggle with physical force instead of molding bits of clay. The ignominy of love—lost makes servants of parasites and workalikes of slaves.

He blew smoke into space, with contentment. "Yes, I'll finish this week. I had planned to have it done before," he explained to the exhibit, pensively.

"Of course, you should. Why not?" "That costs money," he replied, after a moment's hesitation, and met her glance defiantly. "So, I'll enter it as it is!"

"Don't be absurd," she reproved him gently. "What's a little saving like that, if it hurts your chance to win?"

"I can't save what I don't have," he insisted, unapologetically.

"Well, wouldn't it pay you to borrow money on a chance like this?"

Besides, supposing you don't win the prize, you can put it into marble and sell it as you suggested before."

He made a gesture of helplessness. "Who is going to loan money to a fellow who has made a clay figure on the chance that it will win him a prize or that he might copy it in marble and perhaps find a buyer for it? That's all the collateral I have to offer. Did you ever hear of a musician who would loan such a long chance as that?"

A better guarantee would be your talent and ambition," she suggested.

He laughed mockingly. "Who would

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Remember that 98 out of 100 women report benefit. Let it help you too.

believes that I had anything so valuable as that?"

"I know you have." Her eyes held his gaze, significantly.

"Oh, that's just the insinuation of her words, instantly. And added presently, "Funny how the women insist upon taking care of me. What's the matter with me, anyway?"

"Women?" Avis asked vaguely.

"Oh, Camilla and I just had a row about this afternoon," he confessed blithely. "She wanted me to let her help me with her money. Of course, she isn't making a fortune. But I guess she could spare a little. She thinks I should accept it, but what kind of a fellow wants his wife to keep him, even if he is trying to do something worthwhile? That wasn't in our agreement in the first place."

Avis smiled, but managed to keep her voice matter-of-fact and as impersonal as if she were answering Camilla herself when she said, "I think you are quite right about that, Peter. So many fellows are letting down on their pride these days, and allowing their wives to do it all, or worse, of course you don't want to do that. I admire a man with some sense."

"Well, I have as much right to be independent as she has—and more. She wouldn't let me help her if she needed it, as things are with me now. Then why should I accept her money?"

"I think you are both right, under the circumstances. I see her point exactly." Avis was shrewd, "but I also see yours."

"I'm glad somebody does," he shrugged. "Well—that's that! What I think I had better do is to get a good honest job and go to work at something that turns to gold at the magic touch of toil."

"At what?"

"That's what. And where? Jobs being the least plentiful thing in the world just now, that complicates the problem even better."

"Then don't be silly, Peter. Let me tell you something. Will you listen?"

"With both ears," he grinned.

"I'm beginning to believe the supposition is true that genuine artists haven't a grain of business sense; you being the first and best example I know."

"Is that all you have to tell me? I know that already," he dismissed.

"Well, that's a good start. You admit the truth. Then see here! Did you ever realize that no business success is ever founded on hope and ambition and ability alone? Every success has to have a financial foundation. Next to all the stupid people in the world artists imagine that they are not self-made unless they starve and freeze and live absolutely independent of all the rest of the world. Is that sense?" she demanded.

"That into words, it doesn't sound like sense," Peter admitted.

"What else can they do? You think I should take my wife's money, then?"

"Absolutely not. No more than a man with a lot of pride would take his wife's money to go into any business. But he could borrow money and set stock for a foundation, and then set of work to make good. Your talent and your future are just as good risks as any business, and if you were as practical as you are artistic you would borrow money to secure your peace of mind and a comfortable living, and then give yourself to your work. You owe that to yourself and Camilla."

Peter sighed. "I had hoped to make it alone."

"You are stubborn, aren't you?" Avis smiled.

"All right, granting that you are right and my future is worth an investment, how else could he convince?"

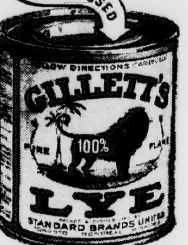
"No one else needs to be, she replied coolly, intent with lightning smile and cigarette. "I have money to invest, and right now I don't know a safer place to put it than in the career of Peter Anson, famous American sculptor of the future!"

(To Be Continued)



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Where News Travels Slowly

The Russian Revolution speaks that a Christmas message to two little girls and their family was received in Leningrad the other day. It came from a Russian girl who had not yet heard of the Russian revolution.

for BRUISES There's nothing to ease Minard's "It takes hours! Amortizing, nothing, nothing! Gives quick relief!"

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Young children easily catch cold. So Mrs. Robert Ward of New York, N.Y., writes: "I noticed that there is a very sign of a cold in my baby's nose. I felt sure and had they are a great help. Thousands of mothers the same not only for colds but for fretfulness, indigestion, and other troubles. Tablets are safe and sure in relieving children's common ailments. Price 25c."

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Used Articles

If still useful, are marketable for cash. Try a Pioneer Classified Ad.

Didsbury Pioneer - Established a quarter of a century.

Golf Notes.

The Innisfail Golf Club is announcing a golf tournament to be held on June 3rd and 4th.

The Big Four were all attired in plus fours on the course this week.

Jim Kirby broke his own record and made the rounds in 40.

Ed Ranton met his jinx at the 5th hole, which spoilt his score for the day.—You've got to hit the pill to make it count.

RUGBY NOTES

Rugby W.I. met at the home of Mrs. Farrant for the May meeting. Seventeen members answered the roll-call with "Something On Alberta's Industries." Current Events were given by Mrs. Parker who concluded her "Events" with a short talk on the Oxford Group. Mrs. Farrant was chosen as constituency delegate. Mrs. H. Jackson gave a very interesting paper on "Soap," tracing its origin back to the days before the destruction of Pompeii. A flower contest was won by Mrs. J. H. Hosegood. The June meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Otto Krebs, and members please note that it will be on the first Wednesday instead of the first Thursday.

LOCAL & GENERAL

Mrs. Henry Goehring was a visitor to Calgary on Saturday.

Mr. Dick Scholten was in Calgary last week taking treatment for his knee.

"Mother's Day" will be observed at the Evangelical Church services on Sunday morning.

Norman Crimmon has taken a position with the local branch of the Jenkins' Groceries.

Messrs. E. V. Woodlock and Ed. Ranton have a flying business trip to the southern city Tuesday morning.

Miss Connie Hosegood, who was attending the University of Alberta, returned home last week for the summer vacation.

We have a fresh supply of scratch pads now ready. Especially useful for school, store or telephone. 2 for 5 cents—Pioneer Office.

Messrs. A. Brusco, and A. McNaughton attended a meeting of municipal secretaries held in Calgary on Saturday evening.

The Fish and Game Association will meet at the C.P.R. depot on Monday evening, May 14. All interested in the conservation of game are invited to attend.

Messrs. W. A. Austin, F. Moyle, H. Pearson, W. Davies and J. E. Crookley attended the organization meeting of Liberals held in Calgary on Saturday.

It was 31 years Tuesday morning since Sam Franklin arrived at Didsbury. He celebrated by meeting the train and comparing it with the train he came on 31 years ago.

The Canadian Legion are arranging to hold their field day and sports Monday, July 2nd. The Didsbury Boys' Band has been engaged for the occasion and it is expected that a parade will be arranged.

Knox United Church Young People's society are holding a hike on Monday evening, May 14. All old members and their friends cordially invited. Meet at Drug Store Corner 7 o'clock.

Ken Kremer, formerly of Sharp's Circuit Shows, left this week for Innisfail to begin his father in business there. Mrs. Kremer, (nee Ethel Miller) his bride of April 20, will remain in Didsbury for the present.

The May meeting of the W.C.T.U. will be held at Mrs. Burkholder's on Thursday afternoon next, May 17 at 2 o'clock. An interesting program has been arranged, and the delegates to the convention at Oids will give their reports.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. H. Mitchell and family are visitors at the Manse. Mr. Mitchell, who recently passed the commercial course with honors at Garbutt's College, Calgary, has received an appointment on the office staff of the Brazeau Collieries Ltd., Nordegg. They expect to leave for Nordegg shortly.

"GET READY FOLKS"—for the Concert and Dance to be held at Community Hall Friday, May 18. A 2-hour program has been arranged—then wind up for a good dance to the melodious tunes of Howard Halliday's Orchestra. The proceeds will be used for prizes for the School Fair. Concert, Adults 25c, and children free. Dance, Gents 25c—Ladies please bring lunch. (192c)

Mr. W. Pitt visited the Ingewood bird sanctuary at Calgary last Sunday. He said that it was a revelation to him to see all the many different kinds of wild fowl that had wintered at the sanctuary. Many of the geese, ducks and other birds were already nesting. In two or three weeks, when the young are hatched, Ingewood sanctuary will be a most interesting place to visit.

Gas Struck at Brosseau.

Drilling for oil, Frontier Development Co. has struck a flow of gas in their well near Brosseau on the River Saskatchewan northeast of Vegreville, in what is believed to be a continuation of the Viking gas field sands. No estimate of the volume of the flow is possible in this well as yet.

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features that make the Master Series Chevrolet the most revolutionary value in the low-price field. And they cost less for gasoline and oil, less for tires, repairs and upkeep than any other car you can buy! Don't all these facts point to this one inescapable conclusion: If you want to save on your next car, and at the same time own a car of proved quality, you should see the new STANDARD CHEVROLET first!



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Saturday
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Immortalizing in Story & Song
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